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**Key To Strands:** Front Cover-FC, Super Scary  
Story-SSS, Our Haunted World-OHW, Strange But  
True-SBT, Puzzles-PUZ, Classic Serial-CS, The  
Unexplained-TU.

**Photographs:** Ace Photo Agency (Bill Tice) OHW1(b);  
All Sport (UK) Ltd (Hulton Collection) SBT1(b),  
SBT2(t), (c), (David Taylor) SBT2(b); Mary Evans  
Picture Library Ltd SBT1(t); Fortean Picture Library  
OHW1(c), OHW2(br); Getty Images (Hulton) SBT1(c);  
Images Colour Library TU1(t, b), TU2(t); Topham  
Picturepoint TU2(c); Woodfall Wild Images (Adrian  
Dorst) OHW2(cr).

**Illustrations:** Lee Gibbons SBT1-2(sp), TU1-2 (sp);  
John Higgins CS1(t); Barry Jones SSS1-7(sp); David  
Millgate FRONT COVER(t); Ken Scott PUZ1-3(sp);  
Tony Smith (Virgil Pornfret) FRONT COVER(b), CS1-  
4(sp); Lee Sullivan OHW3-4(sp); David Wyatt (Sarah  
Brown Agency) OHW1(c), OHW1-2(sp).

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Editorial and distribution offices  
Eaglemoss Publications Ltd,  
7 Cromwell Road, London SW7 2HR

**Editor:** Jenny Curran

**Art Editor:** Chantal Newell

**Section Editors:** Carey Denton,  
Christine Hatt, Amanda Maclean,  
Vanessa Morgan

**Deputy Art Editor:** Andy Archer

**Designer:** Jessica Watts

**Picture Researcher:** Barry Pells

**Production Controller:** Teresa Magnowska

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Printed by: CSM Impact, England

Colour origination by: Colourscan, Singapore

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## empty eyes



he school governing board had planned for five  
years to build an Olympic-sized swimming pool  
for the students at Marshall Secondary School.  
Everyone was excited when the excavation actually  
began. A crowd of pupils and teachers stood  
nearby to watch the huge earth-moving machine as it took  
bite after tremendous bite out of the grassy soil.

After a while the spectators drifted away. Few were left  
when the small hole in the ground was uncovered, and no  
one noticed the dark oily shadow that oozed from the freshly  
opened hollow. The shadow soon blended with the shade  
under the trees on a nearby residential street. If anyone had  
seen it, they would have sensed that it was evil.





"Settle down, Lady!" Paul called from the study to his frantically barking dog outside. Lady took no notice and continued to yelp and howl at the tabby cat she had chased up a tree in the garden. Feigning indifference, the cat turned and began to tread gracefully along the branch. Suddenly it arched its back, laid its ears flat against its head, and hissed. There was something – something dark – among the leaves of the tree.



Lady sensed it, too, and she began to whimper. As the cat exposed its sharp claws and slashed at whatever was threatening from the shadows, Lady scurried away with her tail between her legs, heading for the safety of the house.

"What's wrong, girl?" Paul asked his trembling pet as he opened the back door to let her in. She scurried past him into the house and crept under the desk, where Paul had been doing his homework.

"It looks like something gave her a scare," Paul's dad said, walking into the study. "I'm sure she'll be OK." He started to walk out of the room, then remembered why he had come in. "Hey, son, I need a

hand trimming the tree branches away from the side of the house, and re-stacking those crates of books in the cellar. The way they're stacked now, I'm afraid they could fall and hurt somebody."

Paul closed his maths book. "Sure, Dad," he answered. I could do with a break from homework."

Moments later, Paul was standing outside holding the end of a heavy rope that was tied around a thick tree branch. "When you feel the branch start to drop, give the rope a good tug so that it falls clear of the house," his father instructed from his perch at the top of the ladder.

"OK," Paul said. His father steadied the saw and began to slice into the branch.

Suddenly a screeching, yowling cat leaped at his dad from the dense foliage of the tree. Its jet-black, oddly luminous eyes glittered wildly as it scratched ferociously at him. With a yelp of surprise, Paul's father teetered back and

used the saw to fend off the hysterical creature. Grabbing the branch, he barely managed to keep his balance from on top of the ladder.

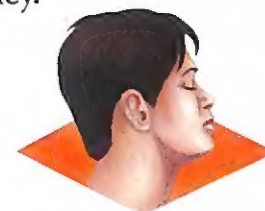
The blow from the saw sent the cat sailing to the ground. It landed with a thud. Paul rushed to the unconscious animal and ran his hand over its fur.

"This is Pixie," he declared in astonishment. "She's Mrs Kreska's cat. I can't believe it. She's usually so sweet. And did you see her eyes?"

"I can't believe a cat would fall like that," Paul's dad said when he reached the ground. "Cats always land on their feet, especially from such a short distance."

He bent down and felt the animal's stomach. "She's still breathing. I think she just got knocked out. But there is something strange about all this. Let's go inside and call Mrs Kreska to come over and get Pixie. She'll be OK out here for a few minutes."

As Paul and his dad walked away, a dark shadow seemed to drain away from the stunned animal and form a slick-looking pool on the ground. For a moment it remained still. Then it began to flow once again – towards the house. It slipped soundlessly into the small vent at the base of the chimney.



**P**aul told his brother, Jeremy what had happened. "She just jumped at Dad out of nowhere like she wanted to rip him apart," he said.

"That is weird," Jeremy replied. "Maybe she'd eaten something that made her sick," he suggested. Then he turned up his lips in a slight smile. "Speaking of eating, Mum said it was OK if we had a couple of hot dogs for dinner tonight, and she said we could roast them over the fire. We could even have marshmallows for dessert. How does that sound to you?"

"Great!" Paul answered with a smile. "We can pretend we're camping out."

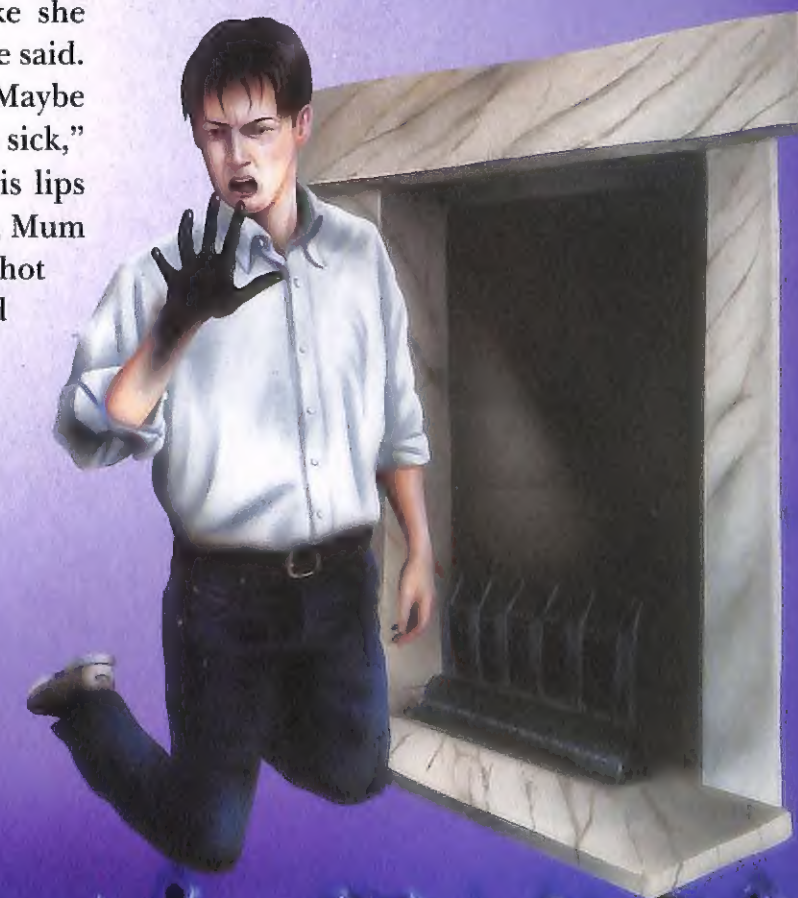
Paul looked forward to every other Saturday night. That was when his parents went out for the evening, and the two boys got to spend some time alone together

watching TV or playing computer games. It was always fun. The brothers were very close, and Paul really looked up to Jeremy.

"You go and get the hot dogs and skewers," Jeremy instructed. "I'll get the fire ready. I have to sweep out the ashes and set up the wood."

Paul ran off to the kitchen to get the food while Jeremy pushed aside the screen and reached inside the fireplace. Feeling around, he found the small lever that opened the flue and pushed it. As the metal cover opened with a squeal, something shadowy slithered across the smoke-darkened bricks of the fireplace and quickly covered Jeremy's hand like a dark evil stain.

"What in the world...?" Jeremy withdrew his hand and rubbed it with the end of his T-shirt, but it didn't do any good. He rubbed harder, and the stain darkened. In the dim light it even seemed





to glow slightly. Then it began to seep into the startled boy's skin.

Scrambling to his feet, Jeremy rushed to the bathroom and turned on the hot water tap full blast. Something very bizarre was happening to him. He couldn't seem to focus his eyes, and he felt as if something within his own body was squeezing him – wrapping itself around his mind like a predatory snake choking its helpless prey.

The steaming water was hot enough to scald him, but he plunged his hands under the stream, lathered them, and scrubbed hysterically.

"Paul!" he screamed. "Help me!" A dark veil began to form over his eyes. The soap slipped into the sink, and Jeremy grabbed his head in his hands. "Stop it! It hurts!" he shrieked, "It hurts!"



**P**aul dropped everything, raced down the hall, and threw open the bathroom door. His brother was leaning over the sink.

"Jeremy?" Paul cried. "What's the matter?" But there was no answer from his older brother. For a moment Jeremy didn't move. He just stood there taking deep, raspy breaths. Then, slowly, he turned to face Paul.

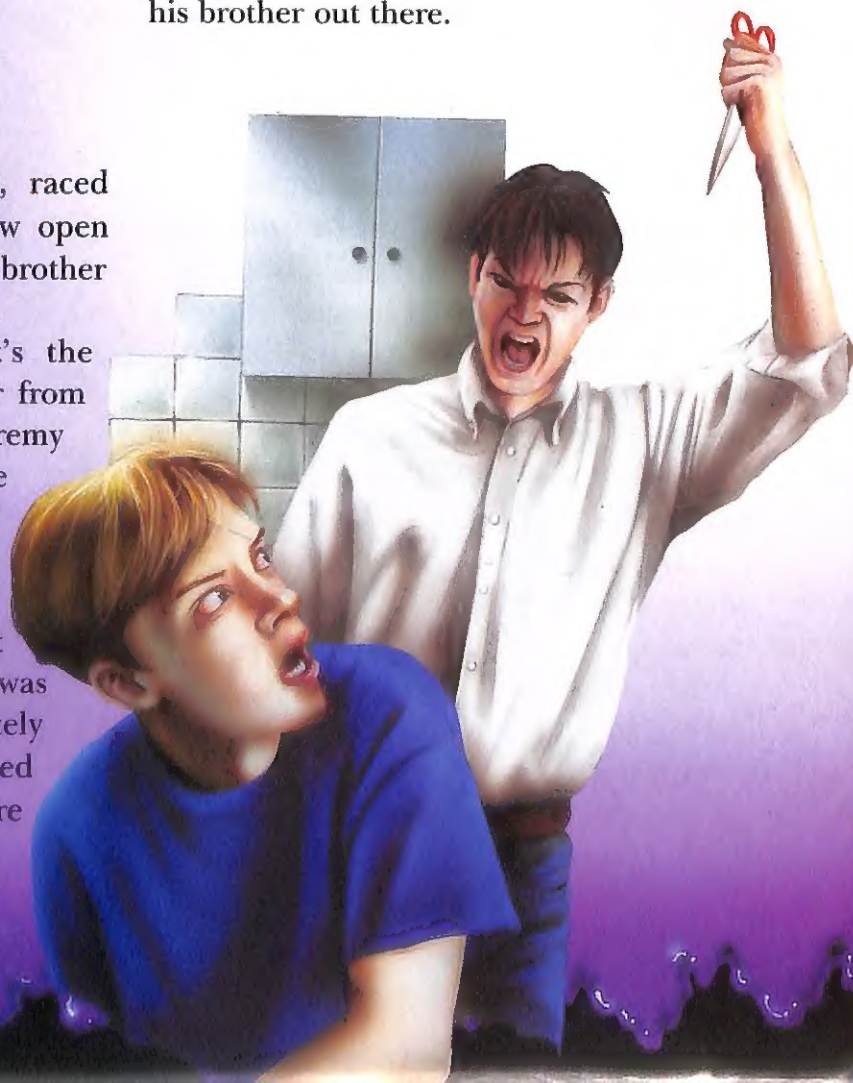
In his hand he held a sharp pair of scissors, but that wasn't what made Paul's pulse quicken. It was Jeremy's eyes. They were completely black and luminous, like polished spheres of marble. And they were vacant – they didn't look human.

"Jeremy – w-what on Earth is wrong with you?" Paul stammered.

But the thing that stood before him didn't answer. Instead, it uttered a low, gurgling growl and took a clumsy step towards him. It lifted the glinting scissors high above its head. Paul backed away.

"Jeremy, this isn't funny. You're really scaring me." All at once, the thing bared its teeth and brought the scissors down in a deadly arc. Paul didn't hesitate. He darted from the bathroom and up the stairs, while the creature lumbered after him, snarling. Terrified, Paul made it to his room, slammed the door, and locked it. Behind him he heard the scissors stab deeply into the wood and snap.

Paul looked desperately from side to side for some sort of weapon. Then he decided it would be better to try to escape. This was crazy. That was his brother out there.



What was the matter with him? Why was he...? Then he remembered the cat... and its strange, dark eyes. He remembered how it had attacked his father, as if it had wanted to rip him to shreds.

"Why are you doing this, Jeremy?" he moaned softly. Paul didn't know what was happening, but he did know that he – and his brother – needed help.

Paul bolted to his window and pushed it open, even though he was already certain there was no easy escape there. His room was on the second floor and there was nothing to climb down on to. Once again he frantically looked around. Then, with shaking hands, he pulled the sheets from his bed.

"I can knot these together," he assured himself. "If I can just get next door to the Blakely house, I can..." He held his breath and listened. There was a metallic scraping noise at the door.

"It's got a key!" Paul gasped. Whatever was outside the door obviously knew the things that Jeremy knew – including where the ring of spare keys was kept. Now it was trying each key – one by one. Paul heard the sound of the correct key finally slipping awkwardly into the lock and slowly turning.

He dived under his bed as the door flung open and hit the wall with a loud bang. Paul barely breathed as he watched the thing step into the room. It shuffled slowly to the open window and looked out.



Just then, Lady began barking and yapping in the garden below.

"That's it, girl. Keep his attention," Paul said to himself, realising that the monster would eventually find him if he stayed where he was. He had to try to get out.



**P**aul's heart beat madly as he crept out from his hiding place, only a few steps away from the terrible thing that had once been his brother. In slow motion he rose to his knees, then to his feet, and backed slowly – ever so slowly – towards the open door. He was shaking badly.

"Just another second," he thought as he eased through the door. But as he stepped on to the wooden floor in the hallway, a single board creaked slightly under his weight. The thing at the window whirled around, and once again Paul stared into those horrible empty eyes.

In a flash, the creature lunged at him, and Paul took off. He had to make it down the stairs and to the front door. But at the bottom step, he felt himself lose his balance. Toppling forwards, he



fell hard on the landing. The thing leaped down at him, but Paul managed to roll out of the way. The monster that was Jeremy jumped to its feet and snarled.

It had blocked his only escape to the outside. Paul made a move to one side. If he could just get to the kitchen, maybe he could – but the thing seemed to have guessed what he was planning. It took one step towards him, then another.

Thinking frantically, Paul realised that his only choice was the cellar behind him. He barged through the doorway and quickly locked himself in. Standing on the top step, he leaned against the wall, gasping for breath.

Outside, the creature repeatedly threw its weight against the door, then abruptly stopped. Everything became quiet. Once again Paul heard the sound of a key being tried in the lock... then another. He had only a minute before the being, whatever it was, would open the door.

"What am I going to do?" he groaned under his breath. There was nowhere else to go. The only window in the cellar was barred from the outside. It would only take seconds for the monster to find the right key. Paul looked around in panic. Then he saw something at the bottom of the stairs.

"The crates of books!" he whispered. They were stacked in three tall, unsteady columns.

A moment later the door to the cellar swung open, and the thing in Jeremy's body stood silhouetted in the light from the entrance hall. Slowly it moved down to the first of a dozen steps. In his hiding place behind the stack of crates, Paul counted each step under his breath... "One, two, three, four." He was so scared



that he barely allowed himself to breathe... "Five, six, seven, eight. Not yet... nine, ten. Not yet... eleven, twelve."

"NOW!" his senses screamed, and he pushed outwards with all his might. The stack of heavy wooden crates tipped and went careening down. The thing let out a single horrible cry, then lay still on the floor under a jumble of books and splintered wood.

Quickly Paul cleared a way through the rubble as best he could and dragged free the limp body of what had once been his brother.

Jeremy's face was bleeding from a small cut, and there was a large bump developing on his head, but he was breathing regularly. Paul grabbed a coil of sturdy rope from a hook on the wall and began to tie his unconscious brother's hands and feet securely.

"I'm sorry I have to do this, Jeremy," he said in a choked voice. "I don't know what's happening here. But I'm going to get you some help. I just don't want you to get loose until I do." He sat back and mopped the sweat from his forehead. "Mum and Dad should be home soon and they'll know what to do. Hang in there, Jeremy. Hang in there."



In the darkened cellar, Paul didn't see the oily evil shadow ooze from Jeremy's body and slip towards him.

Some time later, Paul's mother and father arrived home. Paul was waiting for them at the front door.

"Paul?" his dad asked. "What are you doing up? I thought you'd be asleep by now. Where's Jeremy? Paul, are you all right?... Paul?"

Clutching the scissors behind its back, the creature that had been Paul said nothing. He simply raised his head and stared at them with his black luminous eyes.

THE END



## OUR HAUNTED WORLD

Back to British Columbia for more bizarre beasts, gruesome tales and friendly ghosts...

### FROG FEATURES!

Two boys enjoying a day at the beach could not believe their eyes when a giant reptile man emerged from the water – and made a beeline towards them! The 1.5m tall creature (which looked like this drawing) strode out of Thetis Lake on its hind legs and flipper-like feet, they said. It was covered in silvery scales, had a frog-like face, huge eyes, large pointed ears and strange objects sticking out of its head! Needless to say, when the boys saw it heading for them in August 1972, they ran for their lives!



### THE HELPFUL HOSPITAL GHOST

A young patient who died of severe burns at Vancouver General Hospital in 1975 stuck around after his death to play doctor. He helped comfort patients throughout the night, turned on their radios, flushed toilets, and pressed 'help' buttons for them, reports said! The nurses couldn't understand who the patients were raving on about until he started helping them on their rounds! It was then that they realised this 'ghost doctor' was the spitting image of the burns victim, their bravest ever patient! He had suffered terrible burns after a fire in Vancouver (left) and died three months later. This must have been his way of saying thank you to those who helped him!



### UFO PUTS ON A SHOW

Street life on 29th Avenue, Vancouver took on a new meaning in 1996 when a UFO came to town. According to reports, the large square-tailed object waited for the evening rush hour to get people's full attention. Then, it swooped down and performed aerial acrobatics, while changing shape and colour at the same time! One of the witnesses said she woke up the next day with sunburn, even though it had been snowing outside! Things got spookier when she went for a walk and spotted two small pensioners with trainers on, pointed ears and glassy eyes, who told her telepathically, 'You saw it and you know it's real now!' before they disappeared!

### A CUT ABOVE THE REST

Canadian lumberjacks must be the bravest in the land, if this gory tale is true. One was sawing off branches on a treetop when he sliced himself in half with his chain saw! Luckily, his spinal cord remained intact. Using a belt, he swung down the tree but when he got to the bottom, his mate promptly collapsed at the sight of him! The lumberjack managed to phone for help and he even tried to revive his mate! He was rescued soon afterwards, sewn together and made a miraculous recovery!

### HUNCHBACK OF THE SEA

A snorting, rocky-faced, twin-humped sea monster was spotted by students on Vancouver Island (above right), in July 1997. The 6m-long beast surfaced twice before disappearing into the depths of the Pacific Ocean. Experts claimed it was a member of the Cadborosaurus, one of the last living dinosaurs. In the 1930s, a carcass of the Cadborosaurus (right) was found nearby. So, look out islanders – there could be a family of sea monsters about!



CaddyComes for mp. Sicom Oct 4, 1936



# THE HOPELESS HUNTER!

A friend of a friend went big game hunting in British Columbia...

**1** Chad reckoned he was a pretty good shot and his lifelong dream was to go deer hunting in Canada.



**2** So, one weekend, he packed his rucksack, picked up a game licence and headed into the bush.



**3** Chad couldn't seem to get his eye in.



**4** But then a deer came into close range. Surely, Chad couldn't miss?



**5** He took aim and fired. Bull's-eye! The deer crashed to the ground.



**6** Chad got out his camera to capture the big moment.



**7** He walked over to the deer and placed his gun between its giant antlers.



**8** Then, he put on his best pose and waited for the timer to click.

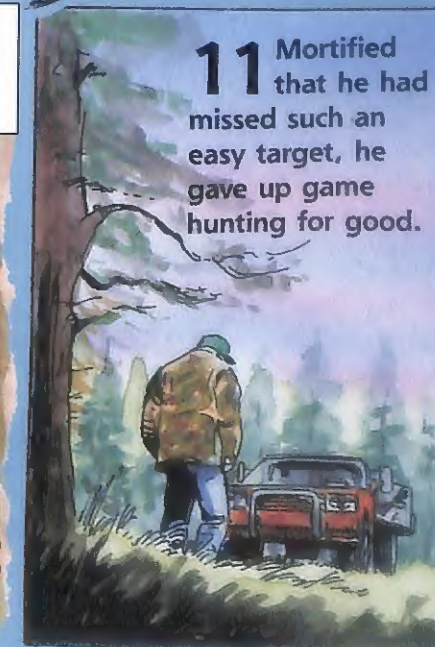


**9** But, to the hunter's horror, the deer jumped up and bolted back into the bush – with his gun resting on its antlers!

**10** Chad had got so excited when the deer went down, he hadn't realised he had missed it altogether and shot down a branch on top of its head – knocking it out!



**11** Mortified that he had missed such an easy target, he gave up game hunting for good.







# GHOST AT THE WHEEL

Evidence no: 40/1  
A 1931 land speed record attempt by Malcolm Campbell at Daytona Beach, Florida



Evidence no: 40/2  
Donald sits in 'Bluebird' while Malcolm looks on



## JOURNAL OF A JINX

There were rumours that Donald Campbell was jinxed because he suffered so many setbacks. Here are a few:

**1960**  
At Bonneville, Campbell accelerated 'Bluebird' so hard it left the ground. He survived the following crash – the fastest ever in a car – but 'Bluebird' was destroyed.

**1963**  
When Campbell arrived in Australia for another record attempt, the weather changed. The chosen site, Lake Eyre, turned from salt lake to swamp almost overnight.

**1963**  
Back at Bonneville Salt Flats, American Craig Breedlove broke the land speed record. The new record – more than 407mph – was not officially recognised, but its achievement put more pressure on Campbell.

**1964**  
Bad weather returned to Lake Eyre. Then rumours spread that Campbell's 1960 crash had made him mentally and physically unable to go for the record. But he passed the medical that he was forced to take.

Special Investigation File: 40

Subject: the appearance of a father's 'ghost' to his son

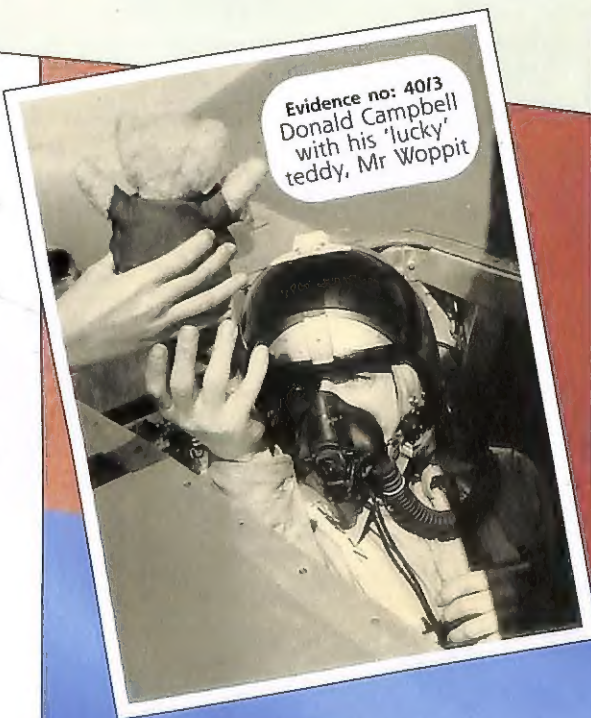
Place: Lake Eyre, Australia

SpineChiller creates a file

## BACKGROUND INFORMATION

Many people stake their claim to fame by breaking records. One British man set out to be the fastest over both land and water. In 1935, Malcolm Campbell became the first person to drive at more than 300mph, powering across the Bonneville Salt Flats of Utah, USA, at an astonishing 301.1292mph. Campbell's pastime brought him very close to disaster – he almost died during a record attempt in Utah when the wheel of his car, 'Bluebird', burst into flames. But the danger did not put off Malcolm's son, Donald. After Malcolm died in 1949, Donald broke the land speed record himself. While doing so, he had a very eerie experience. As he sat behind the wheel, the ghost of his dead father appeared in front of him.

Evidence no: 40/3  
Donald Campbell with his 'lucky' teddy, Mr Woppit



July 18, 1964

## SPEED SPOOK

Donald Campbell claimed he saw the ghost of his dead father staring at him through the windscreen – minutes before he broke his world land speed record.

Campbell was about to make his second run across the desert in Lake Eyre, Australia, when the ghost allegedly appeared.

Campbell said he was sitting in the cockpit rigid with fear when his father smiled at him and said, "It will be all right, boy". His father told him that he had been as worried after his first run at Utah when his car caught fire, but that he had gone on to clinch the record.

After an anxious first run, when Campbell struggled to keep control of his car, he said the apparition gave him the courage to go for the all-important second run.

Donald's world land speed record stands at 403.1mph.

Evidence no: 40/4  
Donald Campbell at the wheel of 'Bluebird' in July 1960



Dear Muriel

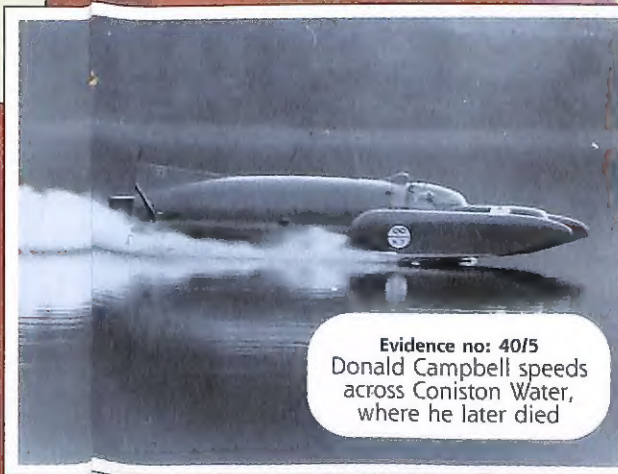
September 1964

I have just finished reading a good play called 'The Blue Bird' by Maurice Maeterlinck. This Belgian author was extremely interested in mystical subjects, and in this work the bird symbolises everything that is mysterious and difficult to achieve. Strangely enough, I've now learned that Donald Campbell, like his father before him, called all of his super-fast cars and boats 'Bluebird', after the play. I suppose that's because the speed records were difficult to achieve!

All good wishes  
Belinda

Unexplained

Evidence no: 40/5  
Donald Campbell speeds across Coniston Water, where he later died



Land speed record holder 'Thrust SSC', the car that holds the land speed record today



## CONCLUSION

No one knows if Donald broke the land speed record thanks to the appearance of his dead father's ghost. But helped or not, he would have to go much faster – more than 766mph in fact – to be a record-breaker today! Donald Campbell died on January 4, 1967, while attempting a world record on Coniston Water. Divers never found his body, but pulled his lucky mascot – his teddy, Mr Woppit – from the lake!





## Chapter 3

# The Pit And The Pendulum

Retold from a story by Edgar Allan Poe

Down, steadily down, the pendulum crept. I took a frenzied pleasure in seeing how fast it swung from side to side and yet how slowly it descended. It moved with the stealth of a tiger.

Down and relentlessly down! The sharp blade now vibrated within inches of my chest. I struggled violently, furiously, to free my left arm enough to grab the pendulum, hoping I could stop its daunting movement. But I could not free my arm further. I remained tightly bound.

Down, still inevitably down! I gasped for breath with every sweep. My eyes followed the pendulum's journey with utter despair. I had one hope – hope even whispers to people lying in dungeons who are facing death from the evil Inquisition. It was that the pendulum would be lowered in one mighty, rapid movement and that I would be granted a quick end.

But the pendulum still descended at a snail's pace towards my trapped body. I could see that only ten, maybe a dozen, more sweeps would be required for the razor to make contact with my robe. My hope of a quick death passed and a calm descended over me. There was absolutely nothing that I could do. It was inevitable. But then, for the first time in days, perhaps even weeks, I began to think clearly about the possibility of escape.

It occurred to me that the bandage-like strap around me was all that tied me to the frame underneath. Perhaps the first strokes of the razor would slice through it enough for me to free my left hand. Perhaps, then, I would be able to unwind the remaining strands and escape. But no! Surely my torturers or their minions would have foreseen this. They would be watching for such a move. I tilted my head up to look along my body. The straps completely bound me, going right across my chest where the pendulum would cut first.



I had just dropped my head back in anguish when an idea flashed through my mind. It was half-formed and scarcely sane. For many hours, as the pendulum swung, rats had scurried around my cell. I had become familiar with their menace and their wild, ravenous eyes. But they, too, had become familiar with me. They grew bolder and no longer feared my left hand waving backwards and forwards. Over time, they had devoured almost all that remained of my meal, frequently fastening their fangs on my numb fingers. Their hunger and sharp teeth became the basis of my escape plan. Weak and barely sane though I was, I attempted to put it into action.

With the small amount of meat and spicy oil still on the dish, I rubbed as much of the bandage tying me as I was able to reach. I then lay still and waited. At first, the vermin seemed startled by my lack of movement. For a moment, they shrank back and some returned to the pit. Then two of the boldest moved towards the frame and leaped on to my body, sniffing at my bonds. Finally, they signalled to the others to charge.

Legions of hungry rats hurried over, jumping on to the frame and crawling all over my body. By some sixth sense, they managed to avoid the pendulum's lethal swing as they pressed and swarmed upon me. They writhed upon my throat, stifling me. Their cold lips pressed against mine. Disgust beyond all reason filled me to the brim and chilled my heart. Yet, if I could only hold out for a minute, the struggle might be over. I could already feel the ties beginning to loosen. With superhuman effort, I continued to lie still.

My effort was not in vain. Eventually, the bands that had tied me hung in shreds. In one more moment, I would be free. But the end of the pendulum was now pressing upon my chest. Soon it had divided the robe that I wore. Twice again it swung, breaking my skin. Sharp pain shot through every nerve of my body. But the moment of escape had arrived. I slid sideways off the wooden frame to safety.



## WORD POWER

daunting – very discouraging

minions – slaves; helpers

anguish – extreme misery; agony

ravenous – very hungry

vermin – animal pests

intensity – strong force or great brightness

I had scarcely stepped on to the floor of the prison when the pendulum, that hellish machine, stopped moving. I watched with fear as it was drawn up by some invisible force through the ceiling. I was free, but in the grasp of the Inquisition! My every move was being watched. I had escaped death in one grim form to be delivered up to it in another, equally grim. Nervously, my eyes ran along the barriers of solid iron that held me prisoner. A change had occurred, but at first I was unable to work out exactly what it was.

I now became aware of where the strange light was coming from. There was a gap, narrower than a finger's width, between the walls and the floor. I bent down to try to look through the gap, but could not manage it. Mystified, I stood up and noted how the light in the room had become brighter. The evil figures painted on the walls had come to life. Their colours, once so dull and hard to make out, now shone very brightly.

The light made the ghastly images even more terrifying than they had been before. Their demon eyes glared at me from a thousand different directions. They shone



with a fiery intensity. However, even they were outshone by the wall itself, which now glowed a bright crimson red.

**M**y nostrils were soon filled with the smell of red-hot metal. There could be no doubt of what my tormentors – those most wicked of men – planned! They were going to kill me by heating the walls of my cell. I began to shrink back from the glowing metal towards the pit in the centre. Compared to the fiery destruction that had been designed for me, its coolness seemed almost welcoming. I stared into the pit, whose innermost nooks and crannies were now clearly lit. Oh horror of horrors! I shrieked and buried my face in my hands, weeping and wailing bitterly.

Again, I looked up in fear. The heat had greatly increased. With it came a second change to my prison – a change in its shape. Once square, it was slowly turning into a diamond as its iron walls changed angle. There was a rumbling sound, a deep moaning of the red-hot walls as they moved. I neither wanted them to stop nor even hoped that they would.

I could embrace them in the knowledge that they would soon bring me everlasting peace. "Death," I wailed desperately. "Any death but that of the pit."

What an utter fool I was! The glowing walls were intended to force me into the pit. It was scarcely possible that I could withstand their burning heat or, for that matter, the force of their movement. The diamond shape gradually grew flatter and flatter. Its widest part was in the centre.



where the pit lay waiting. I shrank back, but the moving, burning walls pressed me onward, closer and closer. My poor, hot body writhed in pain. Eventually, I was left with no foothold on the floor of the prison. I stopped my struggling, but the agony of my soul forced out one long, final scream of despair as I teetered on the brink.

Suddenly, there was a deafening sound of trumpets and the hum of human voices. Then came a harsh, booming noise, like a thousand thunderstorms. I couldn't believe

it! The fiery walls had begun to retreat. An outstretched arm caught my own as I fell fainting into the abyss. It was the arm of a general from the French army. They had conquered the Inquisition's stronghold and its dungeons. The Inquisition was in the hands of its enemies. I was saved.

THE END

NEXT ISSUE:

The Canterville Ghost by Oscar Wilde

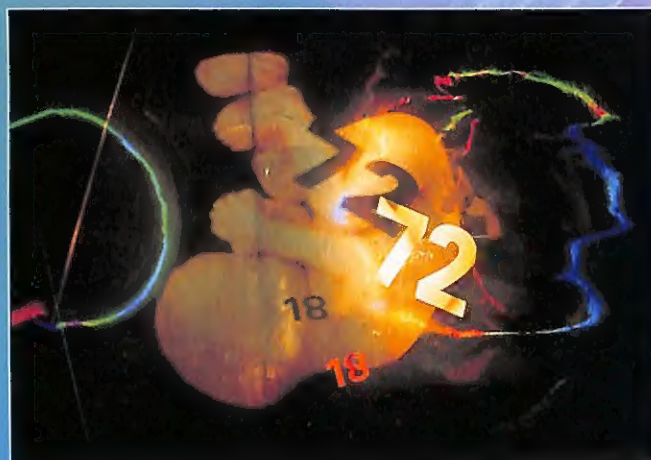




# NUMBER POWER

Numbers are incredibly useful things. Without them life would be very confusing.

Throughout history people have believed that certain numbers are lucky or unlucky. But some people actually believe that numbers have supernatural powers that can tell us about our personalities or even predict the future. This is called numerology and is based on calculations from a special number chart.



## ▲ SPECIAL NUMBERS

According to numerologists the numbers 18 and 72 symbolise humankind. On average, in one minute, we take 18 breaths and our pulse beats 72 times.



## ▲ SURPRISING SEVENS!

Bloodthirsty Vlad the Impaler, the real-life inspiration for Dracula, and our Vlad Dracula are both number sevens. Well, no one's perfect!

## HOW TO DO IT

Using the conversion chart below, write down the numbers for every letter of your full name.

Add them up. If you have a two digit total, add these together.

Keep following this process until you have a single figure. Stop if you reach 11 or 22, because these numbers have

special significance (see next page).

Let's take Dracula, for example. We'll give him the first name Vlad (after the horrific fellow he was based on). So VLAD DRACULA converts to  $6 + 3 + 1 + 4 + 4 + 2 + 1 + 3 + 6 + 3 + 1 = 34$ ;  $3 + 4 = 7$ .

Using the name that was given to you by your parents you will discover the characteristics that you were born with. A shortened or different name that you now use will tell you something about what life has taught you. Calculating a nickname will tell you what your friends really think of you!

Now look down the list of numbers to find out what your special number says about you.

## CONVERSION CHART

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
A	B	C	D	E	U	O	F
I	K	G	M	H	V	Z	P
Q	R	L	T	N	W		
J		S			X		
Y							

► **MAGIC SQUARE OF SATURN**  
Find out what's special about the number square in the picture: work across and down and diagonally.

## NUMBER ONE

This is the number of the world's leaders, explorers and inventors. It's the number of independence, creativity and action! People with this special number should try to consider other people while pushing ahead with plans and schemes.

## NUMBER TWO

Number two people are kind and considerate. They are very aware of the feelings of others, but manage to get their own way through quiet perseverance. They should try not to take things too personally.

## NUMBER THREE

Three is one of the most outgoing and friendly numbers. Number three people have a great sense of humour and make friends easily. They are ambitious – but sometimes they lack staying power!

## NUMBER FOUR

Number four folk are down to Earth types who like to get everything organised. They achieve their ambitions by patiently following a step-by-step plan. They are calm and fair – but watch out for their temper.

## NUMBER FIVE

Variety is the key word for number fives. This comes from new experiences and knowledge, travel and most of all freedom! A thirst for adventure means that it could well be a number five on the end a bungee jumping rope!



Answer: all the rows add up to 34



## ▲ LUCKY LOTTERY

Ireland's first lottery draw in 1931. Some people put great store by the numbers they choose – for them, numbers are all powerful!

## NUMBER SIX

Number six people are happy and calm; they are natural peacemakers. Family life and good relationships are important to them but they can also be artistic and creative. On the down side – they can be a touch self-satisfied and fussy!

## NUMBER SEVEN

Seven people are often intelligent. They may be deep thinkers who enjoy being on their own. Great philosophers and also psychics (people with a natural sixth sense) often fall under this number.

## NUMBER EIGHT

Power and money is what an eight can expect! Success in business and politics may be the calling of these ambitious people. But eights also have a soft side that makes them popular with others.

## NUMBER NINE

Number nine people have strong beliefs and romantic natures. They often choose roles that involve helping others – doctors, nurses and charity workers. Though they also make talented poets!

## NUMBER ELEVEN

Eleven is a special number. Eleven people have extraordinary wisdom and can have a huge influence on other people. Fame is not unlikely if you are a special number eleven!

## NUMBER TWENTY TWO

This is the 'master number'. A person whose name adds up to this number is believed to possess all the good qualities of all the other numbers. They may also be lucky enough to have their dreams come true!



# TERRIFYING TROGLODYTES PUZZLES

## BEWARE!

To ease their consciences the tregs decided to put a notice over their cave entrance, but they didn't want to make it too easy to read either. What does it say?

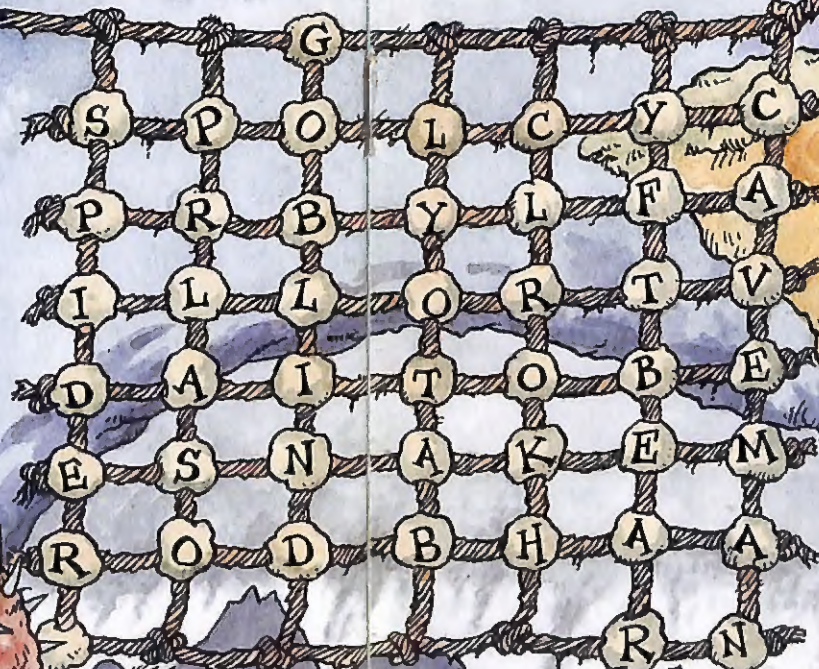
Tæt is wk 2 the  
m h agoT eldirT edT wh  
sh ch your & g your  
2 bin

## FREAKY FACTS

On February 18, 1997, a Scottish coastguard found a very deep underwater cave in Loch Ness to another Loch or the sea. Could this be Nessie's lair, or her route in and out of the loch?

## WHO GOES THERE?

Hidden on the net are the names of ten cave dwellers. Can you find them? Some letters are used more than once. Four letters aren't used at all. Be warned, they appear backwards, forwards and diagonally!

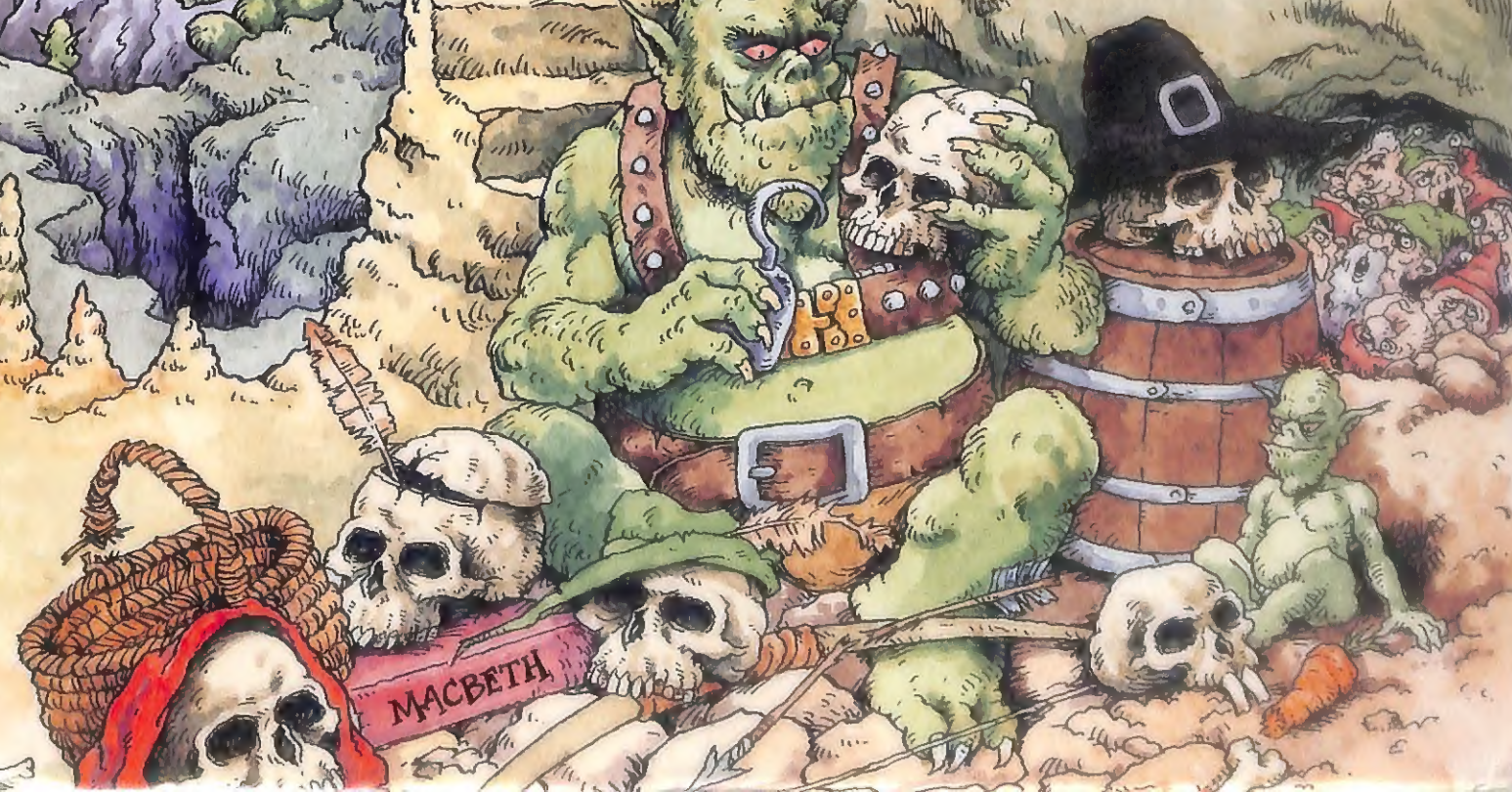


## MIND THE GAP!

Which number stalagmite should the trog put in the gap?

## SKULL DUGGERY

Many an unsuspecting traveller through the Murky Mountains have been caught by the terrifying tregs. From the pile of remains can you guess who some of them were?





## MIND YOUR STEP

There is only one safe way across the chasm. Tread on the wrong stalagmite and it will sink into the bottomless chasm taking you with it.

## FREAKY FACTS

In 1993 a young French soldier discovered a cave in the Sahara. On the cave walls were paintings that were later dated as being over 8000 years old! The cave paintings showed animals now extinct and some that can only be found in the grassy areas of the world.

## ANIMAL ART

Which animal will the Trog draw next?  
Those he has already drawn are a clue.

## FANTASTIC FACTS

At the turn of the century the local paper in Chehalis, Oregon, USA, reported that a cave had been found on the south side of Mt Rainier. The polished walls were covered in hieroglyphics and five miles along a tunnel from the entrance cave was a huge cavern with an underground lake. Beside it was a large canoe, chained to the wall by a silver chain. The cave entrance was covered by a flat rock which was replaced by the first exploration and the caves have never been rediscovered.



### ANSWERS

WHO GOES THERE? Across: cyclops/tit/trail/snake.  
Down: spider/goblin/boar/beast/cave/monster. Diagonal: rood.  
MIND THE GAP! 283. Each fixed stalagmite has a number that adds up to 4 when reduced to a single digit. 2+8+3=13; 1+3=4.  
BEWARE! THIS WAY TO THE DOME MILLS. THE TERRIBLE TROGS WILL CHEW YOUR NAILS AND GRIND YOUR TEETH TO DUST.  
SKULL DUGGERY: Red Riding Hood, Shakespeare, Robin Hood, Captain Hook, Guy Fawkes and Bugs Bunny.  
MIND YOUR STEP! Each stalagmite on the safe route has one more straight line than the previous one.  
(See diagram.)  
ANIMAL ART: Bear. The initial letter of the animals the trog has already drawn are B E A R.